

Shut Up and Standby

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Summary: Let's face it: if you have 75 spirits, each with different personalities, stuck in one room, something's going to happen. T for later chapters, perhaps. On Hiatus.

***Chapter 1*: Bark**

Shut Up and Standby

Rief finally decided.

He stared down at the green book, trembling nervously. His Djinn Encyclopedia was waiting.

Matthew, Tyrell, Karis, and Amiti cowered at the other side of the room. Matthew knit his eyebrows in concentration.

"Here goes nothing," the bespectacled youth said. He flipped to the first empty page.

A blinding brown light burst out of Matt's bag, glowing intensely. It slowly took the form of a Venus Djinn.

"Didja write about ME yet?" demanded Bark. "I think I can help."

Rief dipped his quill into an inkpot. *'This spirit...'*

"ERROR! ERROR! I am MUCH more than a spirit! I am a tough, strong, amazing, fabulous..."

Karis was the first to go. Screaming, she dove out of the room, her Djinn quickly following.

'This... tough spirit is first met...'

"ERROR! ERROR! You forgot the other adjectives. All seventy-five of 'em, in FACT!" For good measure, he slapped his tail over Rief's head.

Tyrell couldn't take it. He jumped onto his bed and curled into fetal position. "Just make them go away!" he yelled.

'...on the Passaj Mountain Climb. Bark's...'

"ERROR! ERROR! Jeez, it's LIKE you've never WRITTEN an ENTRY before! I was not MET! I was FOUGHT in a FEROCIOUS BATTLE THAT I SO SHOULD'VE WON!"

"I'm too PRETTY!" shrieked Amiti, his blue hair flying loose. He ducked away from Bark's tail and dashed into the hall.

'...Bark's rough hide can...'

"ERROR! ERROR! GOD, you're such a FAIL! THIS IS NOT A HIDE, IT'S FABULOUSLY EXPENSIVE MT. ALEPH SILK! JEEZ!"

Never saying a word, Matthew collapsed on the floor, twitching wildly.

'...protect allies...'

"ERROR! ERROR! I-"

"AUUUUUUUUUUUUUUGH!" Rief howled, throwing his glasses on the ground. "SHUT UP! GO STANDBY YOURSELF!"

And he fainted.

Smiling wickedly, Bark calmly sat down, ripped out the entry, crumpled it up, and threw it away.

"Better luck next time!"

(A Golden Sun fanfic! I'm going to do more on Djinn personalities. Next up is perhaps a Mercury one?)

***Chapter 2*: Jolt**

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Matthew, Tyrell, Karis, Rief, and Amiti settled in to a nice meal in Kaocho.

No one noticed the purple light slip from Karis's bag.

A few minutes later, a rather short waiter came to the table.
"Ahhh... you buy food here? What you want...?"

"I'll have the Kaocho Bun today, thanks."

"Rice ration with extra dumplings!"

"TYRELL! MANNERS!"

"Yeesh..."

"I'll have two Kaocho Buns."

"..."

Karis poked Matthew. "What do you want?"

"..."

"A rice ration, please. With green tea."

"That be all? Ahhh... Tank you..."

Once he was far away from the Adepts, Jolt slipped the hood off happily. "They'll never know what hit them!
Mwehehehehehe!"

"Gosh, what's taking our food so long?" complained Tyrell.

"I hate to agree with Mister Fail Hair, but-"

"WHAT?"

"-It's not like they're busy or anything-"

"WHAT DID YOU CALL ME?"

Several hours later:

"BAAAAAAAAAAANZAI!" shrieked something above.

"YEEEK!" Karis fainted dead away as a purple... thing swooped down from the sky, dropped food on everyone, then landed on the table.

"Ether! Why did you do this?" Scolded Jolt.

The fair Jupiter Djinni rose out of Karis's bag angrily. "I didn't do this! You know-"

But Jolt was already in the bag, forcing Ether out.

When Karis came to, all she saw was Ether sitting on the ruined table.

"ETHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEER!"

"Curses!"

"MY FOOD!"

"Good Sun have mercy."

"...!"

Hiding from all of this, Jolt smiled slightly.

"Wow," Gust and Breath said in amazement. "You're a pro."

"Yeah, I know," he bragged.

Gust scooted to the other side of the bag. "Get away from me."

***Chapter 3*: Forge**

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One very sneaky Mars Djinni had a plan.

Forge slowly teased the strap of Matthew's bag open, releasing a single brown light.

"Worthy stage-hand," he said in a resonant voice.

"At yer service!" cried Vine.

"Set up *Hama*. No, *Macbrick*. Perhaps *A Midsummer's Night Dream Leaf*... But first! The audience."

"Yes sir!" Vine grinned mischievously.

A few minutes later Matthew, Karis, Tyrell, Rief, and Amiti were tied to chairs around the campfire. Tyrell, for practical purposes, wore a fashionable piece of duct tape on his mouth.

Forge was currently holding a skull painted purple.

"Alas, poor Saturos! I knew him well. Um, next line. Line. LINE! Ah, forget it. Er, Isaac, Isaac, wherefore art thou, Isaac?"

"Congrats, Forge," Karis muttered sarcastically. "It's a new record. You've changed plays seventeen different times tonight. That beats last week's twelve changes."

"Well," Forge began haughtily, "I am a *master* of Kraden Shakespeare."

"...?"

"Don't doubt me, young man! Why, your father Isaac said I was the best actor he knew. *Hem-hem. Et tu*, Karst?"

"Eighteen."

"To use Mind Read, or not to use Mind Read. That is the question."

"Nineteen."

"Frailty, thy name is Amiti."

"Twenty."

"HEY!"

(With his long cape, Forge certainly looks the part.)

***Chapter 4*: Mist**

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"WAAAAAAAAAH!"

"Alarm clock," grumbled Tyrell.

"Did the bird have a baby, Dad?" muttered Karis.

"..."

"Sorry guys," Amiti said, putting the last pin in his hair. "Mist needs to be fed."

"If he influences sleep, he should use his talents on himself."

"Perhaps general anesthesia would work better," piped in Rief.

"Let up!" Amiti said angrily. "He's just a baby."

"I heard him explain Antidisestablishmentarianism to Brick the other day," recalled Karis.

"You must be hallucinating," scoffed Amiti, who then turned to the blue bundle in his arms. "Who wants concentrated Psynergy for breakfast? You want concentrated Psynergy for breakfast!" he cooed.

"I'm going to lose my breakfast," Rief said in the same voice Amiti was using. "But besides that. Look what I did!" he shove the Djinn Encyclopedia at his friends. A neat entry for bark sat under Claw's.

"No!" gasped Karis.

"!"

"WAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

Rief turned angrily to Amiti, who had suddenly gone pale as a sheet. "Will you shut the baby u-"

He looked down. Down to Bark's perfect entry. Where tearstains now soaked every word.

"AAAAAAIIIIIIIIIIIIII!" Rief bellowed a war cry as he jumped at Amiti.

Loud shouts and the sounds of llamas screaming emitted from the growing dustcloud around the fights.

"I don't think Amiti's hair will ever recover," joked Karis.

Mist sat on the ground happily. "Pneumono - Ultra - microscopic - silico - volcano - koniosis," he recited perfectly. "Black lung disease. P-N-E-U-M-O-N-O-U-L..."

"It's one of those mornings," Tyrell said.

"..."

"Wow, Rief, I didn't know you owned a pair of spiked knuckles. Oh. Ouch. Amiti, I'll heal that if you want. Rief, I wouldn't recommend pulling his hair, it's a safety hazard."

"...V-O-L-C-A-N-O-K-O..."

(I couldn't resist.)

***Chapter 5*: Wrath**

Shut Up and Standby

(And...HE'S BACK! *Crickets* Uh, awkward. Anyway, this is Puff Pastry Breadbug, picking up Shut Up and Standby once again for another hilarious, mind-breaking chapter. Not mind-bending, mind-*breaking*. Prepare yourselves, then enjoy!)

"Bring in the prisoner."

The booming voice rung out deep from within Eoleo's bag. Karis looked up.

"Er, Eoleo? What was that?"

"Wrath," the pirate's son replied, massaging his temples and rolling his eyes. "Don't get me started."

"Who's the prisoner?"

"Who knows?"

Within the recesses of the limitlessly spaced bag, Wrath sat in a throne made out of Chili, Reflux, and Stoke.

Jolt floated into the chamber, leading Glare, Tyrell's Djinn, to his doom.

"The prisoner, sir. Mwehehehehe."

"Prepare...the chair," instructed the dictator.

"Mweheheh-"

"Stop that."

Wrath turned his attention away from the eccentric scientist and instead looked down at Glare.

"Please sir, I'm innocent," piped up the tiny Djinn.

"SILENCE!" shrieked Wrath. "You are now prisoner to me."

"Jolt got me from Tyrell's bag and told me I was in a play," remarked Glare. "This is a bit intense."

Outside, Karis glared at Eoleo. "From now on, we keep Jolt and Wrath apart. Gotcha?"

"Gotcha," Eoleo hurriedly agreed.

"Amiti! Get your comb and scissors!" commanded the Venus Adept. "We need some help here."

Back in court, Wrath was staring imperiously at poor Glare. "Maybe we could have him muck out the stables... never mind, I need Glow right now!"

The puffy Djinn darted across the floor and scampered up the throne of Djinn, where he promptly flopped down in front of Wrath, who put his feet on Glow's stomach.

He said aloud, "I like a warm Djinn belly for my aching feet."

"Mweheheheheh-"

"Stop that."

Amiti looked at Karis excitedly. "Are you *finally* ready for me to do your hair? You can't keep it in a ponytail forever and expect it to look okay-"

"Amiti, it's about a Djinn, not me," Karis explained quickly, touching her hair to make sure it was still there. "Wrath needs a lesson."

Amiti retched. "You mean the one with both dreads *and* a mullet? Ugh."

"Yes, Wrath."

"Hey, don't insult my Djinn! I styled Wrath myself," Eoleo retorted.

"...!."

"Good morning, Matthew!" replied Karis, who was the only one who could understand Matthew's strange dialect of punctuation marks. "And yes, today we're doing a dictator's hair. Exciting, right?"

"...?."

"You're right, those dreads on Gears are awful, I'll have Amiti do them."

"How does she understand him?" whispered Eoleo to Amiti.

"..?."

"You too?"

"That meant 'I don't know'. I dabbled in linguistics back in Ayuthay."

"The electric chair is set up, sir," said Jolt, bowing low to Wrath. "Shall we use it?"

"Go forth!" commanded Wrath.

A nervous Glare was shoved over to a menacing chair that looked as pleasant as a human outside after the Grave Eclipse.

In other words, not pleasant.

Glare was strapped down to the chair. Jolt lifted an arm and was about to bring it down when-

Alright, hold it right there. This is Puff Pastry Breadbug, YES, the same PPB who writes this story. Many a time I have seen the deus ex machina put to good use - and bad use - so instead of dragging along a cliché that's gathered more dust than a covered wagon in a prairie, here is an ending with more me in it.

-he sneezed and brought it down on the EXTRA PAIN button.

Glare was fried like a potato latke.

Meanwhile, outside, where Amiti should have been preparing to do something about Wrath's 'do, a shiny clip in Karis's hair had caught his attention and he was manically attempting to attack her scalp.

"ACK!" screamed Karis, slapping at his scissor-bearing hands. "When I get out of this, Jolt. Is. Going. To. Get. IT!"

Wrath looked at his burnt marshmallow prisoner, to his fabulous electric chair, to his Throne O' Djinn Discrimination, to the mayhem outside. He banged his spiked feet on the ground in satisfaction.

"I always get what I want."

(I wrote this at 2:00 AM. It's kinda delirious.)

***Chapter 6*: Fever**

Shut Up and Standby

(And I will take Mr. fluffernutter sandwich's request of Fever. Enjoy!)

"WACHOO!"

An intense sneeze blew across the camp, breaking the silence of night and ruffling Amiti's hair. The Ayuthayan prince jumped up.

"AH! My hair! Do you know how long it took to clean this?" asked the irritated Adept, pointing at his blue mop.

"Shut up, Amiti," Rief said. "Fever is sick."

"Oh, really?" Amiti said sarcastically. "I'm sooo sorry! Why does being sick let him sneeze all over me and ruin my hair?"

"Why does you being sick allow you to sneeze on my oracle's robe?" Rief retorted. "Now hush. Fever's a delicate patient and I don't want any-"

"WAAAAACHOO!" sneezed Fever. This time, he snorted, and a fireball whistled past Rief's face, singeing his hair.

"...ntch... sorry, Amiti," sniffled the Djinni. "My head hurts so much."

"Lie back down," soothed the Mercury Adept. "Tyrell?"

Tyrell, Karis, and Matthew walked to Rief's makeshift hospital in the open highlands of Teppe Ruins.

"Yeah?" Tyrell asked.

"Fever's sick again," explained Rief.

"Again?" asked Karis. "We'll never get anywhere if we have to stop every time this guy gets sick."

"Sick?" asked a voice.

"Sveta!" Rief gasped. "You scared me."

Once again, the Beastman had snuck up on the group, having a very peculiar ability to cloak herself in shadow and almost disappear.

"I'm sorry, Rief," Sveta apologized. "I was hunting and found some good plants and roots for myself, and a wild boar for all of you."

"Great, I'm starved!" Tyrell said loudly.

"Geez! Tyrell, shut up!" Rief hissed. "It's *your* Djinni that's sick. If I don't fix him he'll have to be on Recovery during a battle."

Sveta bent down to the sick Djinni, examining him.

"Some of my Jupiter Djinn were unused to the hot summers in Beli- in my hometown," Sveta explained quickly. "I healed them with a power known as Boon."

"Boon?" asked Rief.

"There are many healing Psynergies in Weyard," explained Sveta, "each with different effects and properties. Wish borrows from the need of the Adept, Aura drains power and energy, Ply draws on the Adept's faith that it will work, Fresh Breeze catches nature's healing powers and transfers them

to the Adept, Cure works depending on how much the Adept wants to help their ally, and Boon is a favor granted by nature. A loan, if you will."

Rief was going through a book. "Boon, Boon, ah, here it is. Boon – a healing power loaned by nature. It's final form, Vital Boon, can restore up to 600 Points of Health." He looked up. "Try it."

Sveta close her eyes and put her index and middle fingers to her temples. The word *Boon* floated out of her mouth.

A green light flared up around her. The others looked shocked as the light grew wider and wider, and a vast nexus of green energy whirled around her. The winds were stinging and whipped their faces.

And out of the center came a single, gentle wind. The light stopped shining as the wind circled slowly down onto Fever.

"Well?" asked Rief, bending over his patient. "How do you feel?"

"WAAACHOO!" sneezed the Djinni, sending a fire ball into Rief's face. "Much better, thanks."

Rief lay in catatonic shock, his glasses melted onto his face, his mouth charred.

Several screams erupted out of the others' bags.

When Karis looked, several of her Djinn were puffed up and red. "I don't feel good," complained Jolt.

"Uh-oh," Sveta said quietly.

"What?" asked Karis in horror.

"When I said Boon was a *loan* from nature, I meant it," Sveta said. "Using Boon means that sooner or later, someone else will get sick because of it."

"*What?*" Karis repeated.

"When I said Boon-" Sveta started saying again.

Rief looked up at Sveta. "You've - been - traveling - long - enough - to know - that - Murphy's Law - loves to hate us."

Sveta looked at the still-sick Djinni Fever, sneezing fireballs everywhere and burning down the camp, to Rief, covered in third-degree burns, to Karis, running around in circles.

"I've noticed," she agreed.

"WAAACHOO!"